

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

GENEVA NOBLE, 3505 Hawthorne avenue, Omaha, is the new queen of the Busy Bees, and Abbott H. Fraser of Broken Bow is the new king. The queen is chosen from the Blue Side and the king from the Red Side. We hope that the new king and queen will enjoy a very happy, prosperous reign for the next four months.

Others who received votes for queen were Eula Brand of Fontanelle, Neb.; Alice Thomas of Deer Trail, Colo., and Krva Kirk of Plainview, Neb. William Spangenberg, the retiring king, received several votes for reelection. The retiring queen is Ethel Brinkman.

The new queen has distinctly athletic tastes. She is an expert horse-woman and can swim "like a fish" and she can dive from over 100 ft. She is but 9 years old.

The new king is also a very bright young lad, his stories having evinced marked literary ability.

All the Busy Bees from both Red and Blue Sides should rally 'round their leaders and help them to make the most successful term in Busy Bee history.

Laverne Colman of Fremont spent the holiday vacation in Omaha with friends. She enjoyed her trip very much.

This week, first prize was awarded to Ruth Harrison of the Red Side; second prize to Elvira Turquist of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Mary E. Grayson of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

A Typical Christmas.
By Ruth Harrison, Aged 12 Years, Ravenna, Neb., Red Side.

On Christmas, mamma, papa and I went to my uncle's about sixteen miles from here, and I am going to tell you about it in my story.

It was Christmas morning and all were getting ready to go. Very soon all were ready and coats and caps on and we started down for the short ride. It was snowing and soon everything was white. We all were excited to get out into the snow and make snowballs. My uncle was at the depot to meet us with a wagon. It was fun to be out in the snow. It was not long before we reached the farm and there we found some of my cousins. It was about 12:30 o'clock by this time. We all sat around the fire and told stories until dinner time, and after we had eaten our dinner the older folks sent the children down into the basement to play until they got papa fixed like old Santa Claus and the tree fixed with the presents. Then they called us. Santa came in with his pack on his back. We were all surprised to see him, for we did not know Santa Claus was going to be there. He gave us our presents, and the first thing we know he went out of the door saying, "so that we did not get to say 'Goodbye!'." We received our presents and thought they were fine. We played games and told stories until supper time, and after supper we popped corn and sat by the fire and rested, for we were all tired and soon had to go to bed. The next day mamma, papa and I went home. I never will forget that day. I hope Mr. Waste Basket is out for a call.

Our Sewing School.
By Elvira Turquist, Aged 10 Years, 145 North Fortieth Street, Omaha, Neb.

The Zion Lutheran church had a little sewing school called the "Willow Workers." Mrs. Swanson and Mrs. Anderson are teachers.

We have been sewing for the little orphans at the Immanuel orphanage. Mrs. Swanson has donated dolls and we sew for them. Each doll is to have a complete wardrobe. We also sew up clothes and nightgowns for the orphans.

Next Wednesday we are going to the orphanage and bring them the presents. I hope that our visit will make the orphans happy.

I wish all of the little Busy Bees a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Christmas Ship.
By Mary E. Grayson, Aged 13, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.

While most of the countries of Europe are raving in war, the United States is in peace. May all the people of the United States be glad that we are not engaged in this dreadful war. In this war some lived a poor little girl. Her home had been in Antwerp, Belgium, and when the war had started her father and brothers were called to war. Then May was left with her sick mother to care for, and as Christmas was drawing near May was wondering what Santa would bring her. What she wanted for Christmas was a doll and some healthy food for her mother, and she knew that Santa would not forget her, as she had been a very good girl while father was away to war. The night before Christmas her mother was getting much better by May's kindness. May hung up her stockings and put a note in the stocking, and this is how the note read:

"Dear Santa: I have been a good girl since father went to war, and will soon please you in a doll and some pure food for mother. I am,

"MAY DEBART."

When she awoke in the morning she ran to her stocking, and what should she find but a well dressed doll and much food for her mother, and very much clothing, and this is what she received, not from Santa Claus, but from the American children who had sent toys, clothing and food for all the European children. May was the happiest child in Europe.

Our Dolls' Christmas.
By Helena Nuhay, Aged 11 Years, Edison, Neb., Blue Side.

This Christmas some of my little friends and I decided to have a Christmas tree for our dolls. Mamma gave us an old tree which we had had for a long time. It was a Christmas tree that was given to Ben (my little brother) and me one Christmas, but it was still nice and green, with little holly berries on the end of most every branch. It still had some of the decorations on it, so several of my friends and Ben and myself began to string colored beads and make gold stars for our decorations. In a few days we had it ready for the presents. In all we had eight dolls to sew and make presents for. We dressed little penny dolls and made small handkerchiefs for them. We also made drums and foot balls and other small things for the boy dolls. Then we hung up all the dolls' stockings in a row and filled them with candy and presents. The day before Christmas mamma let me put all of my dolls in the sitting room to sleep until Christmas day. All of my dolls were undressed and put to bed by their stockings and the

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE, OMAHA, NEB.

and scarf. Then I came back and read the names on the presents after taking them off the tree. The other children gave them to the dolls whose names were read. After the presents were given out we gave them candy, which, of course, we ate ourselves. Then I gave a little talk to the dolls about Christmas and went out.

If the dolls could talk I think they would say that this Christmas was the happiest Christmas they ever had.

Christmas in Norway.
By Helena B. Gille, Aged 10 Years, 228 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Norway is called the Land of the Midnight Sun because the sun shines in the middle of the night in summer. They are always sure of having snow and sleigh riding at Christmas time.

On Christmas a little before dinner the

King and Queen of the Busy Bees



Abbott H. Fraser



Geneva Noble

father goes to town with bundles of wheat. When he comes home the family go out for a little ride with him. When they get back again the father helps them out of the sleigh and then they go into the house. The mother brings out the goose to eat. After the father tells the children a story they go to bed very early. In the morning the children go to

Mabel's Christmas.
By Edith Kenyon, 228 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb.

It was Christmas morning and Mabel was crying as if her heart would break. Well, no wonder she was crying—there was no Christmas tree, nor toys, nor anything Mabel would like to have had for Christmas. Her mother was very

sick and they could not afford to get a doctor. The pantry shelves were empty and there was no more coal nor wood left, so it was very cold. Mabel tried every way to comfort her mother, but it was useless. Her mother got worse and worse. Pretty soon they heard a knock. Mabel grew very pale, because she was afraid it was the landlord coming to ask for rent, and she knew it was the third week they had not paid rent; but, to her surprise, the landlord asked Mabel to come to her house and that they would take her mother to the hospital to get well. Mabel was overjoyed to hear this. Pretty soon Mabel found herself in a pretty little room and the landlady dressing her. When she got downstairs there was a huge Christmas tree and all kinds of toys on the tree, and around the tree there were little boys and girls. Mabel thought she never had such a nice time, and the landlady said that Mabel and her mother could live with them. For these words Mabel gave the landlady a huge kiss.

Ride on Sleds.
By Everett Judevine, Aged 10 Years, Bellwood, Neb., Red Side.

One day last year four of us boys got our sleds and got on behind a dray wagon that was hauling wood for a man about half a mile from town. When he got loaded up he would take it to town. When we were coming back he ran the horses as fast as they could go, so that when he came to a short corner he turned and we pretty nearly fell off.

When we reached home we let go and went home because we were cold.

I think I will close for this time. I hope my letter escapes Mr. Wastebasket.

Diligent Irene.
By Mary Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 2609 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Irene always wanted to help her teacher, so she did her lessons the best she could. One day the teacher said, "I am going to give everybody a new problem and I want everybody to do your best."

Most of the class did not like to have new problems, so they did not try very hard.

When the teacher marked the problems the children had done Irene was the only one that had it right.

The Right Spirit.
By Lucile Senneland, Aged 11, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.

This Christmas was a giving Christmas for the Methodists and many other

churches. Each class was to give some little gift for the poor.

There was to be a Christmas tree at the city hall and a big dinner for all the poor. The Kearney boys' band played also. Each poor child went away happy. I like the Christmases to give away presents as well as to receive.

Letter to the Hive.
By Bernice Fisher, Oral, S. D., Blue Side.

I wish to become a Busy Bee and join the Blue Side. This is my first letter. Our home is in the great alfalfa belt and we live only a few miles from the home of the man who discovered how to make alfalfa tea, coffee, candy, flour and syrup.

Busy Bee Rhymes.
By Mary Fischer, Aged 10 Years, 2609 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

Tommy went a fishing in a little boat. And he thought it much fun to go for a little float.

And as he went floating by. He heard a little cry.

"Oh," said Tommy, "that's a fish. So he got a little dish. And tried to catch the fish in his little, tiny dish. But he saw 'I'll not try. For fish do not cry."

Mrs. Waldorf Astor Greet the Jason

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)
PLYMOUTH, England, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Waldorf Astor, wife of the member of the House of Commons from Plymouth and formerly Miss Nancy Langhorne of Virginia, was among the women who greeted the American Christmas ship Jason upon its arrival here. Mrs. Astor also made an address at the opening of a relief fund bazaar at Laura Wesleyan church.

"I hope hatred will go out of the world," Mrs. Astor said. "A soldier once told me that he once believed in God, but since he had been in the trenches he does not. I told him that it was not God, who put him in the trenches.

"This war is bringing all classes together, and in that way it is doing much good. If we could only make up our minds to replace hate with love and endeavor to think that our neighbors are doing their best we would all be happier."

Don't Be Constipated.
All kinds of ailments result from constipation. Dr. King's New Life Pills are mild and effective; prevent constipation. 25c. All druggists.—Advertisement.

School Girl Authors Find Inspiration in Christmas Ship

(How truly the children of this country entered into the spirit that prompted the forwarding of the Christmas Ship, laden with gladness offering for the children of stricken European families, was evidenced just before the close of school for the Christmas holidays by the children of the seventh grade of Lothrop school, teacher, Miss Zillah Anderson, suggested that for their composition work they write of the Christmas Ship, personifying it as the ship. Each composition as turned in finally without outside assistance in any manner was a very fine example of English grammatical construction and literary ability for children of their years. Among the little girls, some of them 12 years of age, but none of them over 12 years, who contributed stories are Dorothy Johnson, Mildred Benson and Lois Thompson. Two of the stories are printed here.)

Write of Christmas Ship Adventures

The Story of a Little Tin Soldier.
By Lois Thompson, 214 Sherman Avenue, Omaha, Aged 12 Years.

I am a little tin soldier about eight inches high. My name, or rather what my little master called me, is Bobby. I always have on a nice blue suit with a black hat, and I have a red gun, too—a pretty one, I think, because it has a shiny gold trigger on it.

One afternoon my little master came in and picked me up. I heard him say to his mother: "I am going to send Bobby to Europe on the Christmas Ship. Some little boy will need him more than I do." So the very next morning I was wrapped in paper, but it was very thin, so I could see through it. In that manner I left my old home. It seemed to me as though we went an awfully long way, but pretty soon we came to a big building that my little master called "school," and then we went up some steps and then up some stairs into a room. I was put in a corner with a lot of other things.

After a long time a man came and put us all into a truck and we rode quite a long time, but pretty soon we were put in a big train and traveled a great distance. The only excitement we had occurred one night. The Teddy Bear, with whom I was packed, got into a quarrel with a celluloid doll, but they finally made up. After we had traveled a long time we arrived in New York and were taken off and I was packed up again in a box with other companions. I did not pay much attention to them till we were loaded on the ship.

But first I must tell you what happened when we were being taken from the train to the ship. We were loaded on a big truck and were going awfully fast when "bump!" we rolled off on the pavement. Oh, how I hurt! We lay there awhile, but pretty soon the man that ran the truck came along and picked us up again and loaded us on the truck. Away we went, but it wasn't very much fun. After awhile we were taken out and put on the ship.

There were a great many other bundles, but they were all wrapped up in thick paper. I was just congratulating myself that I could see out, when a man came along and wrapped us up. My, how dark and hot it was. I said as much out loud, and then I heard a little far-off voice behind me saying:

"If you will open me up quick I will help you."

I turned around, but it being so dark, I couldn't see well. I had to feel around, but I couldn't find anything, so I said, "I can't find you," and then I heard the little far-off voice say, "Here I am."

After hearing this, it was not hard to find it. When I laid my hand on the box and pressed a spring, there was a jumping Jack, who came up with such force that he knocked a hole through the paper. You may imagine that I was very happy because I could see out. The ship commenced to move slowly and then came the awfulest screaming noise you ever heard, and I had a terrible time keeping my dignity as a soldier, because I was very much scared. I heard afterward it was only a whistle the ship blew whenever it started. When the noise came, you may be sure we were all scared, but when I heard a faint scream I turned around, thinking something awful had happened, but it was only a French doll. I tried to talk to her, but she seemed very much stuck up and would not say anything to me. She would muse up her dress and hair. After we were well on our way, things ceased to be exciting until all the toys got acquainted.

It was then that I found out who was in my box. There was a baby doll, who, every time the boat rocked, cried, "Mamma." The first time she cried I was a little scared, because I was just settling down for a nice nap.

One night we were all very depressed and tired, when we heard music and



Emily Ross

looking over in the other end of our box we saw little Miss Piano Lady and little Miss Dancing Doll, who entertained us for a while, and then we had a regular party. I had not had such a good time since I left my little master's home. All the dolls danced but Mr. Puzzle, who was too dignified. He refused to do anything so hilarious.

The next night we were just settling down for the night when we heard an awful scream and running to the edge of the box we saw Jumping Jack lying on the floor. He had fallen out and for some time we were very puzzled to get him back. Just as we were growing desperate the Driver of the Hook and Ladder Wagon said, "You can send down my ladder and we can climb up," so we sent it down and soon Jumping Jack was safe in his place.

One morning there was a great commotion on the boat and there came that terrible whistle again. Men came into the room where we were and commenced picking up the boxes and bundles. Soon a man picked up our box and took us down out of the ship. We were piled and jostled till I thought we would all be killed. Pretty soon some men and women whom I heard called doctors and nurses came and one of the doctors picked up our box and took us into a big building. It seemed very queer to me because everything in it was white. I heard some men talking afterwards and they called it a hospital. After a while the man who brought me came and took me out of the box. My, how good it was to be out in the fresh air again.

I was taken out doors and put in a queer kind of wagon and off I went again, but this time my journey was short. I was put on a ship for the second time. I had begun to be tired of traveling and hoped this journey would not be a long one. My fears were soon allayed, however, for I was soon taken off of this ship and placed in another wagon. Things were happening so quickly I began to look around me. I was in a large city and the smoke was thick and heavy. It was very noisy because of the constant rattle and roar of cabs, buses, drays and vans. But when I saw the people I realized I was in a strange land. Some wore large wooden shoes and queer tight fitting caps that ran to a peak. I heard a man say something about this being Belgium, so the people must be Belgians. Belgians were everywhere and high excitement prevailed. I was soon jogging along a quiet country road, however, far from the noise and bustle of the city. On one side of the road were low thatched cottages and on the other fertile fields with pleasant women harvesting the crop. Beyond them in the distance, loomed the huge smoke stacks of the city.

As one of these cottages we stopped and I was taken out by a Red Cross nurse, who knooled at the door. After saying a few low words to the woman who answered, the nurse departed. The lady put me upon a shelf. Later in the evening a little boy came in and put two wooden shoes by the hearth because it was Christmas eve.

"St. Nicholas will be sure to come tonight, won't he, mother?" And his mother replied, "Perhaps he will not fall us tonight, laddie."

After he had gone the mother came and put me in one of the little wooden shoes. I slept soundly there until the next morning at daylight, when suddenly I was awakened by happy shouts



Lois Thompson

and two chubby hands lifted me from the little shoe.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, "St. Nicholas has brought me a brave soldier, like my father."

"Yes, yes, Hans, is he not nice? but here is your porridge."

She took a steaming kettle from the fireplace and poured the contents into a wooden bowl. Hastily eating his breakfast, with me clasped in his hands, Hans went about his daily duties helping his mother feed and care for the sickwirms. I afterwards learned that his father raised sickwirms for a living, but since he had gone to war, this duty devolved on little Hans and his mother.

I was with Hans constantly all that day, and when evening came we sat on the steps and as the sun slowly slipped below the horizon we listened to the veeper bells as they rang out soft and clear against the evening air.

My Greatest Adventure.

(As told by a French doll.)
By Emily Ross, 1321 Lothrop, Lothrop School, Seventh A., Aged 12 Years.

I am a French doll, quite tall for my age, and barely a year old. I have long, dusky curls, which hang around my shoulders and tumble down my back in an entrancing mass. I have large brown, velvety eyes, and long, curly eyelashes and heavy eyebrows, which arch very smoothly on my china skin. I have an aristocratic nose (so I heard one of the workmen say) and coral-like lips, while a big dimple decorates each rosy cheek. Besides all this, I am dressed in a pink silk gown of the latest model and a hat to match rests on my dusky curls.

I was made in Paris, shipped to New York and there bought by a kindly old lady who sent me to her little granddaughter living in Omaha. When I arrived at my new mistress' house, I was carried up to a big nursery and seated among many other toys.

My new mistress was a very nice girl. I liked her and my new companions exceedingly well, consequently you can imagine my consternation when I heard the following conversation, which passed between my mistress and her mother some months after my arrival:

"Mother," said my mistress, "I want to send my new doll Marie on the Christmas Ship. I am getting so I do not care much for dolls any more, and though I hate to give her up, she will do more good over in Europe than she will here."

"Very well," replied her mother.

Accordingly, the next day I was packed in a big box with some other toys, one of which was Mr. Puzzle, who was a great friend of mine, and taken to a big building, which had "Public School" written on the front. We were put with a lot of other toys and clothing. Then we were tumbled on a truck and taken to a train, where we were piled into a big freight car. The journey to New York would have been tiresome had I not met some very estimable persons, such as Mr. Coat, Mrs. Mamma Doll, Mr. Jack Straws and Miss Piano, who with Mr. Puzzle and myself made quite a nice assemblage to while away the hours by talking.

The Twins were won by Stella Pflug, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 73, South Omaha, Neb., who sent us 1,275 pictures.

We have engaged accommodations on the Interurban R. R. and nurse will take them to Ralston tomorrow.

Stella and her brother, Tom, will be at the station to meet them, and their faithful little Shetland pony will take them home in his new sleigh.

FLORENCE

is to be given next and believe me she is a very pretty dolly. She has such sweet winning ways that we would like to have her go to some little girl that didn't get a doll for Xmas. She would make that little girl so happy.

Put on your thinking caps little Busy Bees, and see if you cannot remember some such little girl, and try to make her happy by collecting a few pictures to help her win Florence.

Florence will be given free to the little girl under 12 years of age that brings or mails us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 9.

Florence pictures will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you too. See how many pictures of Florence you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Saturday, January 9.

You Can See Florence at the Bee Office



The third sled was won by Harold Boggs, 2019 Deer Park Boulevard, who sent us 657 pictures.

Sled Number 4

FREE THIS WEEK

The picture of the Sled will be in The Bee every day this week.

Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures you can get and bring them to The Bee office.

The sled will be given Free to the boy that sends us the most pictures before 4 p. m. Saturday, January 9.

